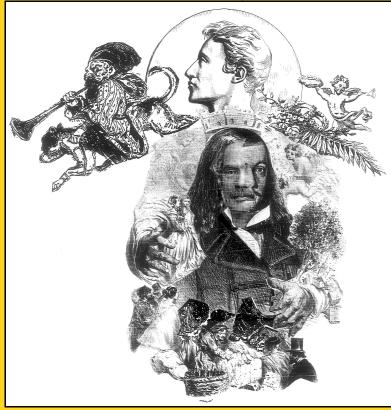
Rêvenance

A Zine of Hauntings from Underground Histories

Issue No. 3 January 2018 (A.Da. 102, A.H. 188)



Featuring

The Dead: Alphonse Allais / Théophile Gautier / Philothée O'Neddy / Gérard de Nerval / Thomas Hood / Célestin Nanteuil / Amable Tastu / Achille Devéria / Auguste Maquet / Alphonse Karr / Monte-Naken / Alboize de Pujol / Clarence G. Allen / Agnes Lee

The Living: Olchar E. Lindsann / Jim Leftwich / Sam Richards / Retorico Unentesi / Mr. Thursday

Rêvenance is dedicated to the forgotten or untold histories of 19th Century avant-garde and dissenting countercultures. It promotes historiography practiced as game, as activism, as trans-generational collaboration, as communal memory, which running athwart the academic, refusing to describe history as finished, which does not stand apart to observe its object from a distance, in the posture of false 'objectivity' which Power always assumes. Instead: a *committed* historiography, which does not stand outside the stream of time or apart from its object: intellectual and precise, yet ludic and multi-form, one moment manifest as an essay, the next as a poem. A historiography created within the utopian fringe, and for the same community, responsive to our changing conditions, needs, and desires. A historiography that we take personally, merging imperceptibly into experiments in daily life, social praxis, and thought.

The journal is closely integrated with the Revenant Archive of roughly 500 books, prints, manuscripts, and personal items from the 19th Century avant-garde, and much of the material is drawn from the archive's material. The journal explores forgotten and newly-discovered histories of avant-garde, radical activist, utopian, and other underground countercultures. While the primary focus is on the 19th Century, earlier and later material is also welcome, and contributions directly connecting counter-cultural movements and strategies across time are particularly encouraged. The primary goal is to explore histories, communities, and themes that are not consistently represented elsewhere. *Rêvenance* seeks to develop a commu-

Edited by Olchar E. Lindsann

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nity of independent DIY researchers who see historical work as part of a communal praxis directed toward contemporary and future change; it is a laboratory in which countercultural history is transmuted, reflected and disseminated in the current lifestyle, writing, music, art, and thought of present-day communities of dissent or otherness.

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Many of the source texts are available online at gallica.bnf.fr and/or at archive.org.

Cover image by Olchar E. Lindsann, collaged from: Célestin Nanteuil, Portrait of Théophile Gautier (1838) & Gargantua (c.1840-50), David d'Angers & Edmond Lechevallier-Chevignard, Medallion Portrait of Achille Devéria (Undated, c.1845-1857), Photograph of Auguste Maquet (c.1879), and anonymous masthead illustration to Le Charivari, Vol. 3, No. 50 (19 Feb., 1831). All constituent images are photocopied from original editions held in the Revenant Archive (not sliced up!).

 ${\bf Send~Submissions~\&~Correspondence~to~monoclelash@gmail.com}$

Forward

In the course of editing each issue of *Rêvenance*, certain themes tend to emerge, but especially so with issue 3. The contributions of Hood, Allen, Allais and Karr explore the complex relationships between creative counterculture and what the Situationists later named the Spectacle. Karr and Tastu take us back to the vibrant Parisian underground community of the 1830s, to whom much of the remainder of the issue is dedicated. The centre of the issue is occupied by members of the Jeunes-France or Bouzingo group: a hypertextual poem by Gautier (plus a rant), then three reflections of the group's involvement with Libertine subculture by Maquet (with Pujol), Devéria (via contemporary avant-Libertine Mr. Thursday), and O'Neddy, then a charming note by Nanteuil (who also boasts three images throughout the issue), followed by a Nerval poem transducted by Unentesi. Leftwich and Richards advance poetic practices of Chronicling, recording the life of one creative community (Art Rat, where Lindsann & Thursday from this issue appear) and the communal assassination of another (Dartington, where the Rêvenance project began). A review and a forgotten poet close us out.

The seeds of the contemporary "Art Market" were the Art Unions of the early 19th Century, which functioned on the corporate model: members paid shares, which were pooled and used to invest in works of contemporary art; these works (now functioning merely as abstract investments, not as intellectual functions or aesthetic objects) were then distributed back to investors by means of a raf-fle. The leftist poet and satirist Thomas Hood pondered:

On the Art Unions (1843)

by Thomas Hood

That picture-raffles will conduce to nourish Design, or cause good coloring to flourish, Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing, But surely Lotteries encourage Drawing!

from The New Monthly Magazine and Humorist. 1843. ed. Thomas Hood. Colburn: London.

The development of art and literary consumerist markets, and the professionalisation that accompanied them, did not go uncontested. The first true Zine network – non-commercial pamphlets printed by (often adolescent) amateurs in tiny editions on personal reproduction devices at home to be traded, rather than sold, through a network that spanned both local and postal communities – was known as the Amateur Press movement. (The term came nearly a century later) It began forming during the 1860s in America, and in 1876 the National Amateur Press Association was founded; self-declared non-professionals traded their home-printed pamphlets through massive mailing lists, like the later mail art and zine networks. This decidedly amateur, yet goofy and revealing, poem was printed by the teenage Clarance Allen in one of the most influential of these early zines, The Crucible, that very year, and shows that even before the official Association – and nearly a century before the more confrontational zine culture of Riot Grrl and Punk – an extensive community of underground micropublishing was flourishing; The Crucible was one of at least 30 amateur periodicals being published in Washington D.C. at the time, as spoofed here.

A Living Phenomenon (1876)

by Clarence G. Allen

As I walked down the Avenue A day or two ago, I met a boy whose puckered face Gave evidence of woe. His grimy knuckles rubbed his eyes, The tears poured forth apace, And plowed their furrowed path adown His dirty little face. He lifted up his voice to weep -Ah, what a voice he had! I wondered what the trouble was That made him feel so bad. I thought perchance that stomach-ache His youthful form might rack, [sic] Or that his father with a gad Had warmed his little back. A kindly impulse stirred my heart, I took him by the hand,

And asked the reason of his grief In accents kind and bland. "Say, whence these tears, my little son, And why this loud lament? Hast thou been lashed about thy stern By some stern pa-ri-ent? "Or has to strong a hankering For lollypop or cake Convulsed thy little abdomen With throes of stomach-ache?" He struggled for a moment hard, And then his sobs controlled: And this is word for word the tale The little outcast told:-"If you were in my place, old chap, You'd holler too, I guess, "I'm the only boy in Washington What hain't no printing press!"

from *The Crucible: Devoted to the Reformation of Amateur Journalism*. Vol. I, No. 3 (March 15, 1876). Self-Published: Washington, D.C. From the collection of the Revenant Archive.

One of the drawbacks of the celebrity culture that came to surround iconic artists and writers (alive or dead) within the commercial market during the 19th Century was that even complicated projects of dissent could end up popularized, idolised, reduced to stereotypes ("tics, tics, tics," as Ducasse says), and turned into pretexts for inanity. Alphonse Allais, who lived within the complicated grey area between mass culture and the avant-garde, demonstrates.

Drawbacks of Excessed Baudelairism¹ (1893)

by Alphonse Allais

Baudelaire's a must, got it, but you mustn't have too much. The anecdote which follows shall indicate, for the intelligent portion of my clientele, what one ought to take from Baudelairism and what it would be convenient to take a pass on.

A strapping young man, blond with an azure soul, learned his trade in an excellent pharmacy in Paris. His time was passed between official preoccupations and the reading, incessant, of *Flowers of Evil*.

Not one word whispered nearby; not one image evoked, not one iota whatsoever, see! would have failed to provoketh in his head, and in the rest of him, a verse or two by General Aupick's divine stepson.²

Now, one day, a lady came into the pharmacy and said to him:

- We have just, my husband and I, bottled some wine, but the content of the barrel is frightfully hazy, and I've come to ask you to give me a filter.

The young pill-slinger³ handed over the filter.

Whether this filter was, in fact, composed of an unsturdy material, or the lady had, too brusquely, poured the liquid, the filter burst.

- 1 A neologism, outrancé, hence not "excessive", excessif.
- 2 Baudelaire's stepfather General Aupick was his constant nemesis.
- 3 Potard. According to Rigaud's Dictionnaire d'argot moderne, printed a few years earlier by Allais' own publisher Olendorff, Potard is slang for a Pharmacist or pharmacy student. The Decadent Huysmans is cited for the example.

And the lady returned to the pharmacy, saying to the young man:

- You don't have a sturdier filter?

So then, suddenly triggered by these words, the young Baudelairian declaimed:

Ah, the best philters prescribed Are worth less than your idleness, And you have learned the caress Which can the dead revive!⁴

Legitimately bent out of shape by this interpolative stanza which she had in no way merited, and which, let me tell you, she was far from prepared for, the lady went to recount the thing to her husband, who immediately set off to go administer to the etherial pill-slinger a thrashing black and blue.⁵

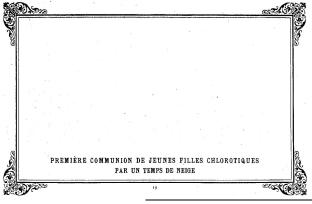
Was I not justified in stating from the start:

Baudelaire's a must, got it, but you mustn't have too much?

Translated by Olchar E. Lindsann

from Alphonse Allais, Le Parapluie de l'Escuade. 1893. Ollendorff: Paris.





Allais also created some of the most innovative visual art of his time, including one of the first series of abstract colour-field pictures such as that reproduced here:

First Communion of Young Anaemic Girls in a Time of Snow (1883). Within the frame reproduced here was a blank sheet of paper.

- 4 from Baudelaire's 'Chanson d'après-midi' (Afternoon Song)
- 5 râclée noire. The English expression, despite its added colour, seems to me closest to Allais' intention.

Between 1830 and 1840, the figureheads of French Romanticism were turned swiftly from obscure intellectual iconoclasts into the first generation of rebels-turned-pop icons: proto rock stars, with fandoms and commercial spin-offs like the weird commodities described here in Karr's satirical avant-garde journal Les Guêpes, which may or may not describe an actual product.

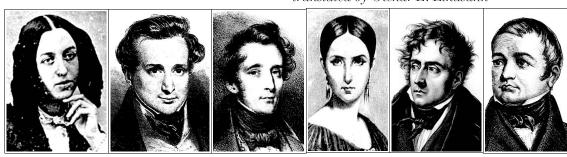
from Les Guêpes (1840)

by Alphonse Karr

This year they've come up with some very ridiculous candies; – it's all the celebrated people in sugar stuffed with liquor. – I sent to someone yesterday for a Mrs. Sand in punch, – Mr. Hugo in maraschino, – Mr. Lamartine in rum, – Mrs. Rachel in kirschenwasser, – Mr. Chateaubriand in anisette, – Mr. Thiers in juniper berry, etc. etc.

Like bobbles, you hand countless of them over to children: – a Dupin in wood which wiggles the legs and arms in the middle of a string.

-translated by Olchar E. Lindsann



A Set of Sweet Faces: Notes/Portraits from Left to Right – George Sand: Cross-dressing female Romanticist novelist / Victor Hugo: Figurehead of the Romanticist movement / Alphonse de Lamartine: Liberal Romanticist poet / Rachel: Leading Romanticist actress / René de Chateaubriand: Romanticist novelist & politician / Adolphe Thiers: Centrist politician. "Dupin" could be any number of public figures (it's even Sand's maiden name). Now, who wouldn't want to eat this crew?

from Les Guêpes, No. 3, Jan, 1840. Edited & written by Alphonse Karr. Self-Published, Paris. From the copy in the Revenant Archive.

Amable Tastu was an early participant in Nodier's Romanticist salons at the Arsenal, and one of the most influential female poets of French Romanticism. Much of her work promoted the struggle for Greek independence and other Liberal causes of the time. After the 1830 Revolution, in which her husband's printing house was nearly bankrupted, her enthusiasm for democracy was temporarily dampened, but by 1848 she had co-founded, with a group of other Romanticist feminists, the Society for the Mutual Education of Women, which gave free literacy courses to working-class women throughout Paris and promoted gender-equal, democratic socialism.



The Profundities of Love, by Célestin Nanteuil (Undated, c.1835-70).

Groan (1838)

by Amable Tastu

O world! o life! o time! phantoms, shades obscure,
Which fatigue my faltering steps until the end,
When shall those days return when your hands cradled more,
Your gaze so caressing, your covenant so sure?
Never, oh! never again!

Daylight is snuffed out in the tears wherein I drown;
The charms of the night pass unapprehended
Night, day, springtime, winter, can I savour nothing around?
My heart still beats with pain, but joyful pounds
Never, oh! Never again!

Translated by Olchar E. Lindsann

from Amable Tastu, Poésies nouvelle. 1838. Didier: Paris.

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A Rant & Object Lesson in Translation, Respect, & Romanticist Poetics

A Poem by Théophile Gautier, a Rant by Olchar Lindsann, & Translations by him & Agnes Lee

"From Apuleius filched" - Agnes Lee

The following incredibly strange and complex little text by Théophile Gautier offers a fascinating insight into the remarkably refined poetics of quotation created and developed by the Romanticist avant-garde: this poem is an exhortation to research, it is a poetic re-working of Gautier's social and intellectual milieu. (Compare to Jim Leftwich's text later in this issue.)

Though (as he says) Gautier has never read Wordsworth, he's read enough of the second-generation English Romantics to realise that there is a tradition (Byron, Shelley, Hazlitt, et.al.) of attacking Wordsworth, and out of solidarity he attacks him as well. Rather brilliantly, he uses the single line he HAS read to spin a bibliographic web of references and resonances, allowing him to use the poem to ridicule one of the Jeunes-France group's own enemies, Jules Janin, who had likewise been attacked by Gautier's friends including his fellow co-founder, Petrus Borel and Alphonse Karr, from elsewhere in this issue.

There is one earlier translation of this poem by Agnes Lee, which is execrable; I make no grandiose claims for my own translation (I'm still learning the language), and am reticent to hurl stones at this glass house; yet I feel a duty on the part of Théo himself to protest. The publication in *Rêvenance* of experimental translations, transductions, etc. such as Unentesi's elsewhere in this very issue is testimony to the countless modes of translation available, and to their mutual value, but all demand, in some form, a respect for the writer, their text, and their contexts. This case demonstrates that importance.

In Lee's translation, none of these aspects of the text is respected: some lines are cut out entirely, others change position, and Apuleius is introduced into the poem for no reason at all besides having written a novel with the word 'ass' in it – albeit nearly two millennia years earlier. This is a perfect example of what happens when a translator or historian is uninterested

in context, and pretends that 'The Poem' can be understood without reference to anything but itself. The problem is that Gautier designed this poem very carefully to be a pathway leading the reader to learn about the specific context he was working within; since (like most people who have dealt with Gautier in English) Lee clearly had no interest in the community he was writing for or the context he cared so much about, she declined to follow his trail of explicit clues and therefore failed even to recognise what the poem is actually *about*. Her translation and the original have been included for comparison.

To be fair, the poem is very complex. Gautier tells us that the line he quotes was found as an epigraph of a book, and he tells us the title. That's fairly simple, though Lee did not make it even that far (as we shall see). The line is the book's epigraph, just as Gautier tells us. As I found with a bit more research, the book is written under a pseudonym (as Gautier informs us), the name of a character of Janin's influential frenetic novel *The Dead Ass and the Guillotined Woman*, just as Gautier says. Anybody dealing with Gautier ought to recognize that title in the poem, given Janin's long-running battle with Gautier and his comrades.

Instead, Lee bypassed all of this—decided that since Apuleius had written a story called *The Golden Ass* (which admittedly was a favourite of the Romantics), and Gautier mentions the book called *The Dead Ass*, therefore the other novel mentioned, *Louisa*, MUST be by Apuleius, despite the fact that we know Apuleius never wrote such a novel. So, why not eliminate two whole lines from the poem, and then collapse the remains of the four stanzas into two?

Anyhow. Even beyond this careful intertextual architecture, the poem's mix of a casual, chatty tone, unwieldy technical bibliographic vocabulary, and more traditional poetic language make this a very virtuoso poem, drenched in bottomless irony, and is a hell of a challenge to render into verse in English translation; I've made use of a few tricks common in his verse. While I do not doubt that many flaws mar my own rendering, I hope that, at the very least, I haven't kicked his poem in the stomach like earlier translators – though I've perhaps kicked Agnes Lee as Théo kicked Janin and Wordsworth . . .

A Line of Wordsworth's (1832)

by Théophile Gautier

Original French

Un Vers de Wordsworth

Spires whose silent finger points to heaven.

Je n'ai jamais rien lu de Wordsworth, le poète Dont parle lord Byron d'un ton si plein de fiel, Qu'un seul vers ; le voici, car je l'ai dans la tête : — Clochers silencieux montrant du doigt le ciel. —

Il servait d'épigraphe, et c'était bien étrange, Au chapitre premier d'un roman : — Louisa, — Les douleurs d'une fille, œuvre toute de fange Qu'un pseudonyme auteur dans L'Ane mort puisa.

Ce vers frais et pieux, perdu dans ce volume De lubriques amours, me fit du bien à voir : C'était comme une fleur des champs, comme une plume De colombe, tombée au cœur d'un bourbier noir.

Aussi depuis ce temps, lorsque la rime boite, Que Prospéro n'est pas obéi d'Ariel, Aux marges du papier je jette, à gauche, à droite, Des dessins de clochers montrant du doigt le ciel.

Translation #1 by Olchar Lindsann

A Line of Wordsworth's

Spires whose silent finger points to heaven.⁶

I've never ever read the poet Wordsworth, he Against whom Lord Byron has let such venom fly, 'cept one line; here it is, for it comes back to me:

— The silent steeples pointing to the sky.—

It served as epigraph, and twas quite bizarre, For the first chapter of the romance: -Louisa, -⁷ A daughter's afflictions, work thick with tar Whose pseudonym an author from *The Dead Ass*⁸ has seized.

This verse pious and fresh, abandoned in this book Of embraces debauched, did me much good to find: It was like a wild flower, like plumes shook From a dove, upon a bog's black breast reclined.

And ever since that hour, when lame rhymes aren't deft, And Ariel does not obey Prospero's cry, Across the paper's margins I toss, to right, to left, Several sketches of steeples pointing to the sky.

⁶ from The Excursion, Book VI, line 19.

⁷ Louisa, ou les douleurs d'un fille de joie (Louisa: or, a Prostitute's Pain), by Abbé Tiberge [Regnier-Destourbet].

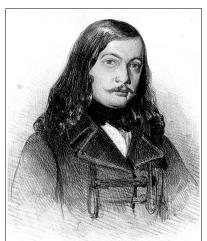
⁸ L'Ane Mort et la Femme guillotinée (The Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman), by Jules Janin, 1829.

Translation #2 by Agnes Lee

On a Thought of Wordsworth's

I've read no line of Wordsworth whom the Steven Of Byron hath assailed with bitterest gall, Save this I came upon, a fragment small In a romance pseudonymously given, From Apuleius filched, "Louisa," — leaven Of thought impure and pictures passional. How well the flash of beauty I recall, The "Spires whose silent finger points to heaven!"

A white dove's feather down the darkness strayed,
A lovely flower abloom in some foul nook.
And now when riming halts and fancy tires,
And Prospero is of Ariel unobeyed,
I over all the margin of my book
Trace group on group of heavenward-pointing spires.



Théophile Gautier, drawn by his fellow Jeunes-France co-founder, Célestin Nanteuil, in 1838.

Original from: Théophile Gautier, Poésies Complète, Vol. I. 1884. Charpentier: Paris. p. 111. This follows Gautier's preferred version in the Complete Works; the formatting is simpler in the first printing in Albertus, ou L'âme et le péché: légende théologique, 1833, by Paulin: Paris. p. 269.

Translation #1 by Olchar E. Lindsann. Translation #2 from: Théophile Gautier, Collected Works, Édition Parisienne, Vol. 24: Enamels & Cameos, and Other Poems, trans. F.C. Sumichrast & Agnes Lee. 1903. Dumont: New York. p. 189.

At sixteen years old, Auguste Maquet (aka Augustus Mac-Keat) was a co-founder of the seminal avant-garde Jeunes-France collective along with Gautier, Devéria, O'Neddy, Nerval, Clopet, and others; at eighteen he was teaching history at his former school, the prestigious Lycée Charlemagne. In addition to publishing novels under his own name, in 1838 he became a ghost-writer for Alexandre Dumas, and co-wrote The Three Musketeers and The Man in the Iron Mask. His work on the latter drew directly on his ongoing historical research. Simultaneously he published a series of historical studies on the history of the French prison system, examined from a leftist perspective. His book on the Dungeon of Vincennes appeared the same year as his and Dumas' the Count of Monte Cristo, also set largely in prison. His collaborator, Alboize Pujol, was a historian and playwright, and was the director of the Montmartre Theatre; he may have been the son of the Classicist painter Abel Pujol.

Libertines & Revolutionaries in the French Prisons (1844)

by Auguste Maquet & Alboize du Pujol

From History of the Dungeon of Vincennes:

Not all prisons are alike. Perhaps there shall come a day when they are all alike; but when we climb back into the past to study this question in the monuments that still remain, we see the traces of force more clearly than those of the law, and we find far more ideas of revenge than ideas of restraint. Moreover the design and construction of prisons are in proportion to the power or pride of their founders. We perceived in the Bastille everything that Aubriot meditated against his enemies. The purpose of this monument was unequivocal. The Bastille could only serve, in the architect's mind, to repulse the enemies from without and to torture them efficiently within whenever the aggressors should become prisoners.

But Vincennes can be considered from other perspectives. It is a consoling notion to the historian, that this imposing mass should not have been tossed up solely for the suffering of men; certainly, the results have been the same for Vincennes as for the Bastille, and while spinning in the vicious circle of despotism, the kings of France ended up erecting prisons here where they had wanted to erect palaces; but Vincennes' beginnings were unconnected to this sombre hue which darkened the stones, when still new, of the Saint-Antoine fortress. Perhaps

even when we carefully strip off these many layers of accumulated chronicles, which form public opinion over time, we see that the palace of Vincennes must owe to this innocent origin having been less despised than the Bastille. The woods and flowers made it through the iron and stone.

That beautiful forest of Vincennes is one of the most ancient to gratify the pride of the Isle-de-France, formerly blanketed in woods. The Romans erected there a little temple as well as a school consecrated to the god Silvanus; the remains of this monument lasted for a long time as a priory in the Vincennes forest . . .

[...]

The publication of this work [On Executive Orders and State Prisons]⁹, which preceded that of Linguet on the Bastille, was more powerful, as it needed to be. More energetic, more eloquent, more logical and above all more sweeping than the latter, that of Mirabeau addresses the entire question of individual liberty, stemming from the usurpation carried out by the kings and the people in power of their subject's persons, undermining the basic rights allocated to them, he commits himself to the resistance and names this sacred revolt whose name is changed into revolution; Linguet limits himself to dealing with the Bastille's administration . . . One often sees, as we have shown, upright in the dungeon's lantern, the eyes fixed upon Paris, that immense town where he seeks the cradle of liberty, tossing them to the wind, in the hope that it would carry them to the Parisians, these words drawn from his Essay on Despotism:

We, descendants of those proud Gauls, whose valour was nourished at the breast of liberty and ceaselessly animated by her, who wrested from the roman historians the admission of the dread that they inspired in Rome, so accustomed to seeing its consuls and legions humiliated by this bellicose people, that the proud senate, judge and protector of kings, 'thought only of its security and forgot its glory, whenever it had to combat these redoubtable enemies;' we, beneath the blows from which are cut down the wild despo-

⁹ Des Lettres de Cachet et des prisons d'état. Published in 1782 after Mirabeau's release. Probably a major influence on Maquet's and his collaborator Pujol's historiography in this project.

tism which makes the universe grovel, we allow to flee from our breast this liberty which gave our fathers their glorious renown and the lengthy period of a vast and flourishing empire! . . . Virtuous men, struggle on behalf of this sacred liberty!

But the echoes were faint of these words which were lost in space; a day arrived nonetheless when, exchanging this tribunal for that of the National Assembly, his powerful voice resounded throughout Europe, encouraged the people and made the kings blanche. The great orator then loved to recall the essays which he had composed on the summit of the dungeon, and blessed the orator's apprenticeship, begun in chains.

The Executive Orders¹⁰ were not the only work that Mirabeau composed during his detention. Since Mr. Lenoir had authorised his correspondence with Sophie, his passion for her seemed to have redoubled its violence means of privation and satisfaction. Tormented by the sensory tumult that his strong physical constitution exacerbated, he devoted himself to a work which became the reflection of everything he experienced as it passed. The commentaries of don Clamet on the Bible inspired him with the idea to entitle it: The Erotica-Biblion. It assembles within a single framework all the bizarre tastes of men, all the means they have employed to diversify their pleasures, outwitting nature and creating new passions. This unique and original work required great research which renders it quite authoritative; but the obscene style which prevailed there revealed the author's motives too much. They can only be excused by his particular situation, and we had to mention it in order to reveal Mirabeau's constitution; he merited furthermore, on behalf of one of his friends, the following letter: "Necessity," said he, "ought not force a man to lack respect for himself, and it is not poison that he needs to sell to earn his bread."

[...]

Mirabeau had as a companion in captivity the famous count de Sade, about whom he had already been questioned in the Bastille. We know that the cynical writings and actions, the brazen libertinage, the famous meal of cantharides in Marseille, ¹¹ finally going as far as incest,

¹⁰ Lettres de cachet

¹¹ Sade had been found guilty (in absentia) of sodomy, outrage to public morals, and attempt-

were the motives for his captivity. This prisoner, who since the 30th of October was incarcerated successively in the house of Chauffour, in that of Saumer, in the Conciergerie, in Pierre-en-Clise, was locked up in Vincennes on February 13th 1777; he remained there until February 29th 1784, at which point he was transferred to the Bastille, where we tell his story.

from History of the Bastille:

The Bastille's last order of extradition that we find on the registers is that of the marquis de Sade. This powerful lord, placed in Vincennes in the first place for inhuman experiments that they accused him of having done in Provence upon living individuals, as put down in the column for causes of detention, was transferred to the Bastille, February 29th 1784, with the count de Solanges, de Wythe and others, when they disgorged this prison. The marquis de Sade, who, if he was guilty of the crime that they accused him of, merited a severe punishment, was on the contrary treated with less severity than the others. They permitted him to wallpaper his cell, which was the third room in the Liberty tower; they permitted him moreover, upon his payment, to have a good time. He also enjoyed the favor of taking strolls on the towers. Toward the middle of the month of June 1789 the troubles which had taken place in the faubourg Saint-Antoine, around the Bastille, concerned [the prison's governor] Mr. de Launay, who subsequently took the precaution of having the canon loaded and forbidding the marquis de Sade's strolls on the towers. He, scarcely satisfied with the reasons given to him for prompting this interdiction, lost his head at the governor, and warned the aforementioned Lassinotte, his turnkey, that if in one hour he did not have a favourable response to the request to the governor with which he charged him, he would stir up a riot that would rouse all Paris. The governor persisted in his refusal, and the marquis de Sade persisting in his disquisition, took a tin pipe which ended in a funnel and which had been made in order for him

ed poisoning—the latter stemming from his feeding prostitutes a popular aphrodisiac, cantharides (or Spanish Fly).

to pass his water more efficiently into the ditch, and this serving for him as a kind of megaphone, appealed to the common people for aid, vomiting out his grievances against Mr. de Launay, whom he accused of wanting to assassinate him. His shouting was in fact heard in the street and in the faubourg Saint-Antoine. They gathered, they rioted, and perhaps were about to attempt what actually happened a month later, when the shouting ceased, and night having fallen everyone retired, but went away with the thought that there currently existed victims of the Bastille. At the first shouts, Mr. de Launay had rushed into the marquis de Sade's prison and made him go down into the [officially sanctioned] path by promising him for tomorrow the walk that he had been refused today. But overnight he sent an express to Versailles, and at daybreak the marquis was transferred to Charenton.

Any other prisoner would have been submitted to solitary confinement and other most cruel positions; but the marquis de Sade was a powerful lord who had only been accused of a crime more vile than theft, more atrocious than assassination; they dared not clamp down on him, they contented themselves with transferring him to another prison where his shouts could pose no danger.

Thus the final act of the Bastille presented this monstrosity of despotism, that too cruel for a wrongly-accused man, it became the refuge for a guilty one, whom it ended up shielding from justice. In so doing so it was returned to its initial origin; it was with this two-fold realisation of the arbitrary that they tore down its foundations.

It is under this two-fold aspect that we have written its history here.

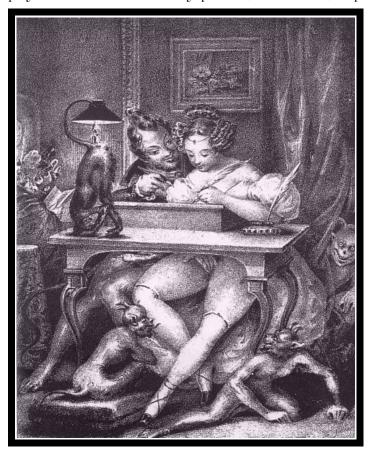
Translated by Olchar E. Lindsann

from Auguste Maquet & Alboize du Pujol, Le Donjon de Vincennes, Faisant suite `L'Histoire de la Bastille depuis sa fondation jusqu-a nos jours. (1869) Bunel: Paris. Edition from the Revenant Archive – pp.1-2, 224-6, & 236-7; and from Maquet, Pujol, & Auguste Arnould, Histoire de la Bastille, depuis sa fondation 1374 jusqu'a sa destruction 1789. 1844. Administration de Librairie: Paris – pp. 196-7.

from Diabolical Fucko Mania (c.1835)

by Achille Devéria Commentary by Mr. Thursday

Diabolico Foutro Manie; Diabolical Fucko Mania (DFM), is a series of twelve lithographic prints by Achille Devéria, published likely in a folio, c. 1835. "Develries" and "diableries" in verse, prose, print or novelty form were in a heightened state of demand during the Romanticist period and the advent of lithography advanced their promulgation in image form. DFM, a meditation on the morality of the Louis-Philippe regime, sees elite/bourgeois men and women as participants and prey in a cascade of fiendishly prurient, excremental, slap-stick offenses against decent living,



proper love, and high society. Platoons of imps, perverted faeries, mutants and devils — one wonders if this horde represents King Louis-Philippe's effect or romanticist/decadent intervention — are active in every nook of life.

In keeping with the theme of Romanticist erotico-diabolic incu/succubi, here is offered the sixth image in the DFM series. A bourgeois woman collaborates with a devilish man, perhaps M. Satan himself, coiffed in a Flame of Glory. Under the desk mutual service unfolds, unbeknownst, perhaps, to the bespectacled (?) caretaker (?) reading in the background.

It is impossible not to see this darkling humor and enjambed composition surviving in Rops, Beardsley, von Bayros, Van Maele, Finland, InCase and Chriss.

The poet Philothée O'Neddy (aka Théophile Dondey) was a co-founder of the Jeunes-France or Bouzingo group along with Devéria, and one of the most influential writers of the very early avant-garde. This poem from his seminal (and only) collection of poetry, Fire and Flame, embodies the libidinal, neuralgic, gothic energy of Frenetic Romanticism, from which Baudelaire, Lautréamont, the Decadents and Surrealists drew heavy inspiration, and includes poems such as "Spleen", "Dandyism", and "Neuralgia", which became key terms and themes in 19th Century counterculture. The poem's epigraphs cite his fellow Bouzingos Alphonse Brot and Théophile Gautier; refer to the translation and commentary on Gautier's own use of epigraphs on pp 10-13. The first full-length English-language anthology of O'Neddy's work is currently under preparation.

Succubus (1833)

by Philothée O'Neddy

@@@@@@@

"She was worth a whole seraglio!" Théophile Gautier

"What! you wish to delay the moment of happiness!" Alphonse Brot.

I dreamed only, last night, storms splendidly endowed,
Upon the pitching floor of a salon of clouds,
By terror and love relentlessly contorted,
With a Bohemian girl slim and lustful there
In a waltz danced in the air,
Drunk on madness, I was transported.

As if my arms enclosed her unreal waist!

And a breast by supple velvet was embraced

Oh! as if I inhaled her provoking scents!

And how I was inflamed, when, abrupt and savage,

The wind unfurled around my visage

Her brown locks hurled in torrents!

Surely there inhered pleasure and poetry
In the infernal spasm, the chill frenzy,
Luxurious thrill, corroding it to blight,
Which gnawed, tormented our shuddering souls,
Twisting so much on the clouds' pliant folds
That underfoot we felt their flight!

Oh! Pity!—I am dying—Pity! my sylph neuralgic! Said I in a voice expiring, electric.

Observe—my whole frame throbbing incandescent— Come, come, we'll scale a star, secrete ourselves inside; —And there, shall your beauty unveiled cease to hide From my fervent adolescence!

Mad laughter seizes her... such discordant laughs,
Fit to spread over the satanic repast
—I was convulsed, my teeth were spitting stridence—
Suddenly, no more sprite of lustful ablution!
Naught in my arms but a skeleton
Flaunting all her repugnance!

Oh! Thus your love delights your dancer's interest!
Whispered her rasping voice. And her osseous chest
Panted with her desire, palpitated with lust.
And always, always then, from cloud to cloud,
With her by the torrent endowed
I was upthrust in my disgust!

In order to be cleansed of this lasciviousness,
I fought fruitlessly in the anaemic mist:
With her angular arms the entanglement fierce
Became encrusted in my flesh where fever dripped,
And the sharp kisses of her mouth without lips
My cheek and my forehead pierced.

As if in farewell, in my dark wretchedness,
Suddenly I cried out the name of my mistress...
What treasure in that name! what divine amulet!
The ghost released me from orb to orb to go.
—And, glad to awaken, I caressed my theorbo,
Necromancer's instrument.

Translated by Olchar E. Lindsann

from Philothée O'Neddy, *Feu et flamme*. 1833. La Librairie orientale de Dondey-Dupré.

An Avant-Romanticist Dinner Invitation (1845)

by Célestin Nanteuil

Célestin Nanteuil and Léon Clopet were co-founders of the **Jeunes-France** group around 1829 (along with Gautier, Maquet, O'Neddy, and Nerval, all in this issue, among others). Clopet was a successful architect who had funded much of the group's activity, Nanteuil was the leading illustrator of the Romanticist movement. He was also the figurehead of the Medievalist tendency within the nascent avant-garde, not only in his experimental re-invention and radicalization of medieval visual culture, but also in his daily life by means of adopting medieval furniture (cheap at the time), costumes, and modes of speech. This dinner invitation shows how role-playing and word-play were still central to their friendship and daily lives more than a decade after the group's public activity ceased. It also shows this subculture being passed on to the next generation, for the rest of the party consists of younger Romanticist illustrators for whom Nanteuil was both a mentor and frequent collaborator. They were part of an influential movement of progressive satire that would have important effects on both cartooning and politics throughout the 19th Century.

from Célestin Nanteuil to Léon Clopet; montalais, June 2, 1845.

Order of Service

Sir Léon, commander in chief of the Clog and second in command of the Chick, ¹² shall report next Saturday for Bougival at half past four at the railroad upon the right-hand side. Having arrived in Bougival, he shall be recognised by the captain of the Frog ¹³, who shall request that he consume the soup which shall appear upon the table at precisely six at the abode of Sousent. ¹⁴ He shall encounter those known as Arcy, Français, Leleux, and Baron, together with the aforementioned captain. ¹⁵ He shall retire to bed at a very goodly hour after having been conveyed in the same fashion and arrive as early as possible on Sunday morning in view of the cape of Bellevue.

[Signed:]

The Captain of the Frog, Célestin Nanteuil

Translated by Olchar E. Lindsann

From *Lettres Autographes composant la collection de M. Alfred Bovet.* ed. Alfred Bovet & Étienne Charavay. 1885. Librairie Charavay Frères: Paris. p. 606.

¹² *sabot*, wooden shoe still worn by French peasants at the time, and Cocotte, "chicken" but used for a variety of affectionate slang ranging from a cute child to that corresponding to the chauvinist "chick" in American or "hen" in the UK.

¹³ A printmaking pun: *grenouille* is also a term for the part of a printing press which receives and distributes the pressure.

¹⁴ chez Sousent. This individual has yet to be identified.

¹⁵ François-Louis Français, a landscape painter associated with the Barbizon school; Adolphe Pierre Leleux, another painter who counted several other ex-bouzingo among his friends, including Nerval and Gautier; and the romanticist illustrator Henri Baron, whose premier as a painter had been a collaborative canvas with Français, and was a very frequent collaborator with Nanteuil on various illustration projects; Arcy (or d'Arcy) remains unidentified.



Gargantua, by Célestin Nanteuil (Undated, c.1840–50). In this avant-Romanticist "portrait" of Rabelais' medieval satirical character, Gargantua's head and body has been replaced with a scene of the industrializing city of Paris as a collapsing colonial vortex drawing in people and goods from across the world. The skewed perspective, refusal of illusionistic depth and scale, and the compositional emphasis on the frame reflect Nanteuil's radicalisation of medieval aesthetics.

Vers Dorés / Golden Tooth

by Gérard de Nerval, mutagenic (mis)translation by Retorico Unentesi

Unentesi-the-translator can be found (along with many other marginal characters) at the intersection of an improvisational historiography (always in part a partially-regretted nostalgia for cherished hallucinations) and an (over)determined poetics of exigent anxiety. Our pasts are always already present in our dreaded futures. We do not locate ourselves under these names in any aspect of tripartite time, whether sequenced or layered (as the existential dreams of zen and lyric poetry), unless of course you wish to acknowledge a certain variety of fabrication as "being in the moment".

VERS DORÉS (1845)

by Gérard de Nerval

Eh quoi ! tout est sensible !□ Pythagore.□
□□ Homme, libre penseur ! te crois-tu seul pensant Dans ce monde où la vie éclate en toute chose ? Des forces que tu tiens ta liberté dispose, Mais de tous tes conseils l'univers est absent.
Respecte dans la bête un esprit agissant : Chaque fleur est une âme à la Nature éclose ; Un mystère d'amour dans le métal repose ; « Tout est sensible ! » Et tout sur ton être est puissant
Crains, dans le mur aveugle, un regard qui t'épie : À la matière même un verbe est attaché Ne la fais pas servir à quelque usage impie !
Souvent dans l'être obscur habite un Dieu caché ;

Et comme un œil naissant couvert par ses paupières, Un pur esprit s'accroît sous l'écorce des pierres!

GOLDEN TOOTH (2017)

transmuted by Retorico Unentesi

Say What!? everything is sensible! *Pythagoras*.

Oh Man, a free thinker! So you think you're the thin king? In this world where life bursts into everything? Forces you fold your freedom fasts, But consonants tease the universe in your absence.

Respect the beast in its spiral spirit agile: Checkered flowers are the name of a Nature enclosed; A mysterious love sleeps in the metal rose; "Everything is sensible!" Our trout surf tones gain entry through your percussion!

Fear is the blank wall who looks like a spy to you: Matter is a verb and memory is your adverb... Never serve a useless purpose in a pie!

The gods hide their obscurity in a soup vent cache; The eye is an oily comet, covert, parsed by paupers, A purling spirit accrues in the encore of our pairs!

from Retorico Unentesi, Soul Roulette: Transmutations of Nerval; with Extensive Appendix. 2017. mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press: Roanoke, Virginia. pp. 24–25.

For several decades, Jim Leftwich has been among the most active nodes in the Eternal Network – as the author of countless books of experimental writing (cf. Doubt, An Ecology) and theory (cf. Rascible & Kempt, Vols. 1–3), as publisher (cf. Xtant, Juxta, and TLPress), in the generation of new forms (including the much-contested Asemic Writing and Trashpo), as organiser, and as a prolific mail artist. He is a motivating force in the vibrant avant-garde community in Roanoke, Virginia, where Rêvenance is published. Leftwich's meditation on avant-chronicling addresses how we provide the materials for future histories; these ideas are illustrated in the accompanying reviews of events at Roanoke's Art Rat Studios, first published in the Roanoke Post-NeoAbsurdist zine The InAppropriated Press. Richards' poem, which follows, addresses the same necessity:

another series of love songs in another wasteland (2017) by Jim Leftwich

Obviously diary entries, poems, improvisations and extrapolations, research notes, speculations, collages of quotes and other pilfered/proliferated texts, self-skeptical meditative anxieties written around the looming inevitability of an actual event, notes as guard rails, barricades and fallout shelters, anti-poems, reflections on subjective memories of collective dreams - any of my writings, in fact, whether preliminaries or post-scripts, cannot be actual components of actual events, now or then, past for anyone or future for everyone, they can only be a record of myself, circling an event in words, unable to name any event myself, unable to describe a position which is my position vis a vis any event, past or future, real or imagined, existing in its multiplicity as from the outset experientially fictional, to whatever degree, producing almost immediately, almost as a simultaneous parallel event, a nostalgia for itself offering itself, to anyone who is willing to write themselves into the record of an event, as a presence no matter how alienated within the event as it was unfolding, as potentially a text, several texts, one certainly prior to any actual event, as research, preparation, anxiety and desire, one during (which will occur mostly as notes taken in the mind - remember this sequence, remember this phrase, remember these instruments and props), and one after the event ...which is perhaps permitted, or even desired, however weakly, by someone other than the writer... by maybe two people other than myself, if it is even safe to assert that much – this writing, then, as a refusal to define itself, to say, with Olson, "in this place is a poem which I have not been able to write," and to leave it at that, another series of love songs in another wasteland.

July 12 @ Art Rat

Brad Chriss and Megan Blafas-Chriss: a meat poem from Dune with Megan on bass.

Brad reads a slice of Dune: "the known universe is the most precious consciousness and its navigators." he puts some meat in his mouth and reads a little more: "that it through remains the juice warning." Megan tickles the bass and thumps a short percussive antimelody. Brad stuffs a little more meat in his mouth: "is four mela tos crout fou ex." Megan plucks a hairpin skatchbox thumb-piano shuffle in E-flat major. Brad plans the knowing messiah duplex of meat experience awakened in his mouth: "spice kn pa se so growls bort brot cattle smelling tastes tl reac nose secr ha la mertl shoh lar narrow students and their mother." the known universe spells spice as a detour from the wound of bloodlines. you are ready to eat the fight of water. arrives with knives. under the vacuum controls the carrot but cannot control the carom. weird mustard and thumping launch upon the steak.

July 12 @ Art Rat

Mister Thursday: many exaggerated thank yous as prefatory remarks. he reads a piece of a text vaguely about maybe him thinking he's better than them while they think he shouldn't think that. maybe he's right, or would be in a Beckett play, and maybe this is a Beckett play. and maybe it's not, maybe it's something else entirely, in which case he's wrong, and they're right, he shouldn't be thinking any of this, least of all the previous sentence. a violent coughing wheezing phlegm-chewing fit seizes upon him, and he hacks a yellow soldier onto the warehouse floor. he reads a little more from the text which probably isn't a radio play by Beckett or anyone else. another choking hacking phlegm-gnawing fit is seized upon him, and he spits

out another grey solider onto the surfictional tarmac. this dire scene repeats itself repeatedly. he hocks a bloody Nutcracker doll without the blood. he prepares for a final grand puking, but the bag of brown or brownish-green soldiers is ingrown to his suitcase, is tangled in the sleeve of his triangular shirtwaist waistcoat. he complains that the maneuver went much more smoothly in rehearsal, crashing through the fourth wall into the fifth estate. he empties a plastic sandwich bag onto the studio dance floor, winter soldiers the colors of a subdued rainbow spill out over a copy of Kafka's The Trial, the visual syntax is intact, the book is a deracinated anti-assemblage in which words are toy soldiers, we have our marching orders: left to right, top to bottom, through the book and out into the street.

July 12 @ Art Rat

Tomislav Butkovic & Olchar Lindsann: squiggly soundwaves scribbled in thin air refurbish the aural purview. dusty hertzsquawk remangler. thudburping squink demuddler flanged by metamodern pingo. noise retains the syntax of a harmolodic insurgency. extrapolated throat-mappings from the Dufrêne territorial tongue and larynx training manual. historiographic letteral Oedipus, within and without you, while you are watching yourself listen in the mirrors of mostly your own mind. the corpse flickers in fragments and floats away from the shadows of its own mist-remembered breathing. to have redacted such letteral orb spider is to have felt one's mind colonized by the Situationist haruspices of everyday life. electronic gurps and burgles, crench snaggle, an almost minimalist music for pavement saw and kleenex refrigerator lawn sprinklers circling their wheelbarrows in the rain. by now you should know all of this is beautiful and courageous, and you if you are reading this should also know how to use it as a talisman and a banishing ritual. syntax = synapse. subletteral sound poetry is an isometric mnemonics.

Manifesto from *The In-Appropriated Press*, No. 9, Aug–Nov. 2017. mOnocle-Lash: Roanoke, VA. Reviews from *In-Appropriated Press*, No. 8, July–Aug. 2017. Roanoke, VA.

The Death of a College

In Memory of Dartington College of Arts

by Sam Richards

Dartington College of Arts did not need to close. Its closure was political. For details read Richards' book, **Dartington College of Arts: Learning by Doing:** https://www.amazon.co.uk/Dartington-College-Arts-Learning-Doing/dp/0956170544

The students ran naked.

Absolutely naked,

From one end of the town to the other -

A revealed-all dozen

On that cold evening in December

Charging and barging through the bustling crowds

Of the Christmas street market.

The students ran naked -

Young women and men in the all together

But for a rucksack that carried their clothes

For when they finished their collaborative

Frozen streak of protest

At the coming closure

Of their college of arts.

Was it really that long ago?

Seven years and more?

Right here in this town

There were bar staff that pulled pints

And discussed Dadaism after hours,

Postmodernity (for what its worth),

Performance.

Waitresses that dashed in from their dance class.

Threw on an apron

And took your order

Gracefully.

People talking bollocks

People talking insight

Irritating and grand

Nonsense and sense

With some uncertainty

As to which was which.

Marx and Foucault

Tristram Shandy and Alfred Jarry

SHITTER! SHITTER!

And Wittgenstein the miserable git,

Is the novel dead?

Is easel painting over?

Why write a symphony?

Why close a college

Where these things mattered

Urgently

Politically?

Where that which is held in the empty hand

To speak or not speak

Is pitted against the iron pitiless will of spreadsheets

The fetid demon who hears and looks

But cannot listen or see

Always wins in the bitter end.

When performed sound and silence disappear

Into the instant past

Leaving behind no measurable value

The numbers will always crunch

In the pugilism of accountancy
With biased referees
Who see only all that never glitters
In dull columns with no breath,
Shamefully barren
In their lack of imagination.

So the college closed
In a cynical blaze of misappropriated words
Such as "relocation", "merger",
And nothing remotely like it
Has emerged on the campus
Where the earth is scorched
And the past now silent.

That act of murder,
That assassination of the innocents
Leaves our town
Gazing into the entrepreneurial swamp
Where everything sacred
Turns into smart enterprise:
Coffee shops, gift shops, tapas –
Art shop – gone
Paper shop – gone
Tourist information – gone.

The town will rise from the ashes
Now blown everywhere on the wind
No doubt
But where was once the campus
Is now the silence
Of being erased from history
Before your very eyes.

The naked students that evening in December Were the entire tale —
Defenceless, deliberately vulnerable,
Defiant, playful,
Not really shocking —
They amused and ritually outraged
All who stood before them.
And all around them was wrapped darkly
The freezing pitiless cold night,
The watching and watchful arm of the law,
The season of ill will to all men,
And the deadening fate of their college
About to unfold in a stich-up
Spelt out in a ghastly astonishment
That never fades.

Claire Goldberg Moses & Leslie Wahl Rabine, Feminism, Socialism, and French Romanticism (Indiana University Press, 1993) 25-Year Late Mini-Review by Olchar E. Lindsann

This book is essential for understanding the extensive, fertile intersection of feminism and Saint-Simonian socialism in the period of both movements' self-conscious emergence. The first half explores this intersection in great detail, both the rhetorical and ideological strategies used by French feminists and their concrete communal work and ambitious public projects. The second half comprises an anthology of stunningly radical letters and articles from the *Tribune des femmes*, the first all-female feminist newspaper in history.

The unwieldy title could easily have been shortened, for the work's treatment of Romanticism betrays an utter lack of grounding or interest in the movement (one suspects the topic was forced upon them); it focuses, weirdly, on Chateaubriand and Rousseau(?) rather than the many Romanticists who were actively engaged with the Saint-Simonian movement such as the Halévy brothers, Olindé Rodrigues, Félicien David, and Liszt. Regardless, the revealing insight it offers into the life and thought of an unfairly forgotten and still-relevant movement joining economic and gender equality makes it indispensable.

~^~^~^~^~^~^~^~^~

This poem is taken from the only published work of the extremely obscure Flemish avant-garde poet Monte-Naken, 'Rimes futiles' (Futile Rhymes), published on the Parnassian small press Librairie des Bibliophiles in 1879. His work, like most Parnassian poetry, is fiercely formal in orientation, based on virtuoso, intricate patterns of sound and laying the groundwork for the development of sound poetry at the end of the century; this translation can only partly convey this patterning, which is visible in the original.

Sonnet On the Tomb of a Great Desperado¹⁶ (1879) by Monte-Naken

A Edmondo Carbonero.

For Edmondo Carbonero.

Etre né sans vouloir naître, souffrir sans vouloir souffrir, mourir sans vouloir mourir: être homme, sans vouloir l'être.

Ignorer, voulant connaître; pleurer, espérant jouir; ramper, croyant éblouir; paraître, pour disparaître...

Entre la haine et l'amour, les sanglots et le fou rire, haleter, — la nuit, le jour...

Fièvre, cauchemar, délire, néant, farce, mauvais tour, énigme, doute, martyre! To be born not wishing to be here, to cry not wishing to cry, to die not wishing to die: to be man, not wishing such peers.

To wonder, though wishing ken clear; to weep, though toward mirth aspired; to cringe, seeking to inspire;

To appear, just to disappear...

Hatred and love in a fight, sobs and hysterical brays, palpitate – the day, the night . . .

Nightmare, fever-dream, dismay, Abyss, farce, hapless plight, enigma, doubt, slain saint!

Translated by Olchar E. Lindsann

From Monte-Naken, *Rimes futiles*. 1879. Librairie des bibliophiles: Paris, pp. 27-28. from the Revenant Archive.

16 Désespéré.

New from mOnocle-Lash

Soul-roulette: Transmutations of Nerval, by Gérard de Nerval and Retorico Unentesi. Experimental and 'pataphysical transductions of poetry by the early avant-gardist Gérard de Nerval, rendered by the mysterious Retorico Unentesi of the Institute for Study & Application, Kohoutenberg. Padded out with extensive front-matter by eminent dead persons and an epic appendix elaborating & tangentiating upon the seams & merging of translation & poetic creation.

Sound Rituals, by Jim Leftwich & billy bob beamer. "...an evocative apparatus that generates images in the ear and auditory revelations for the eyes. In a frequently disjointed consciousness reflective of the the exploding hybrids we all live a grand sweeping music arrives that compels us to reorient outside the delusion of self and adapt to worlds superimposed, alternatively transparent and opaque, full of sudden illumination and flittering shards fading into some nameless space only this poetry can describe. At a time when even the concept of truth seems forever elusive in this liturgy we are offered the opportunity to discover firsthand and immediately what pure unfiltered experience reveals." – Jake Berry.

Forward by John M. Bennett

In Preparation for the mOnocle-Lash Revenants Series

The Revenant Series imprint publishes translations, histories, and new editions of works related to the 19th Century avant-garde, including the Romanticist, Frenetic, Occultist, Utopian Socialist, Bohemian, Parnassian, Anarchist, Decadent, and Symbolist communities.

Coming Summer 2018: *Cinders from 'Fire and Flame'*, by Philothée O'Neddy. New translations from the signature 1833 collection of the Bouzingo co-founder, one of the most influential, yet forgotten, writers of the Romanticist avant-garde. An appetizer for a forthcoming full-length anthology.

Long-Term Anthologies in Preparation: Estimated 2019 Release: *The Frenetic Feminine* (Anthology of Female founders of the avant-garde, c.1820–40), *Incoherent Footprints of the Rabid Black Cat* (Anthology of the Hydropathes, Incoherents, and Chat Noir groups c.1880–1900) & an anthology focusing on the role of dancing in the Romanticist Avant-Garde, c.1830–50. Estimated 2020 Release: *Tales of the Bouzingo* (Anthology of the first self-declared Avant-Garde collective, 1829–34).

Eventual Projects under Consideration: Who knows what order or schedule? Vocal enthusiasm or Volunteers can affect it: Forgotten Avant-Gardists from the *Annales Romantiques / The Occult Avant-Garde 1830–1850 /* Alphonse Karr, *Stingers from Les Gûepes /* Thomas Hood, *Poems on Poverty / The Battle of 'Hernani' / Gautier, Politics, & the Cult of Art /* etc. etc.

Jan., A.Da. 102 / A.H. 188 / 2018 C.E.

mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press REVENANT SERIES

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